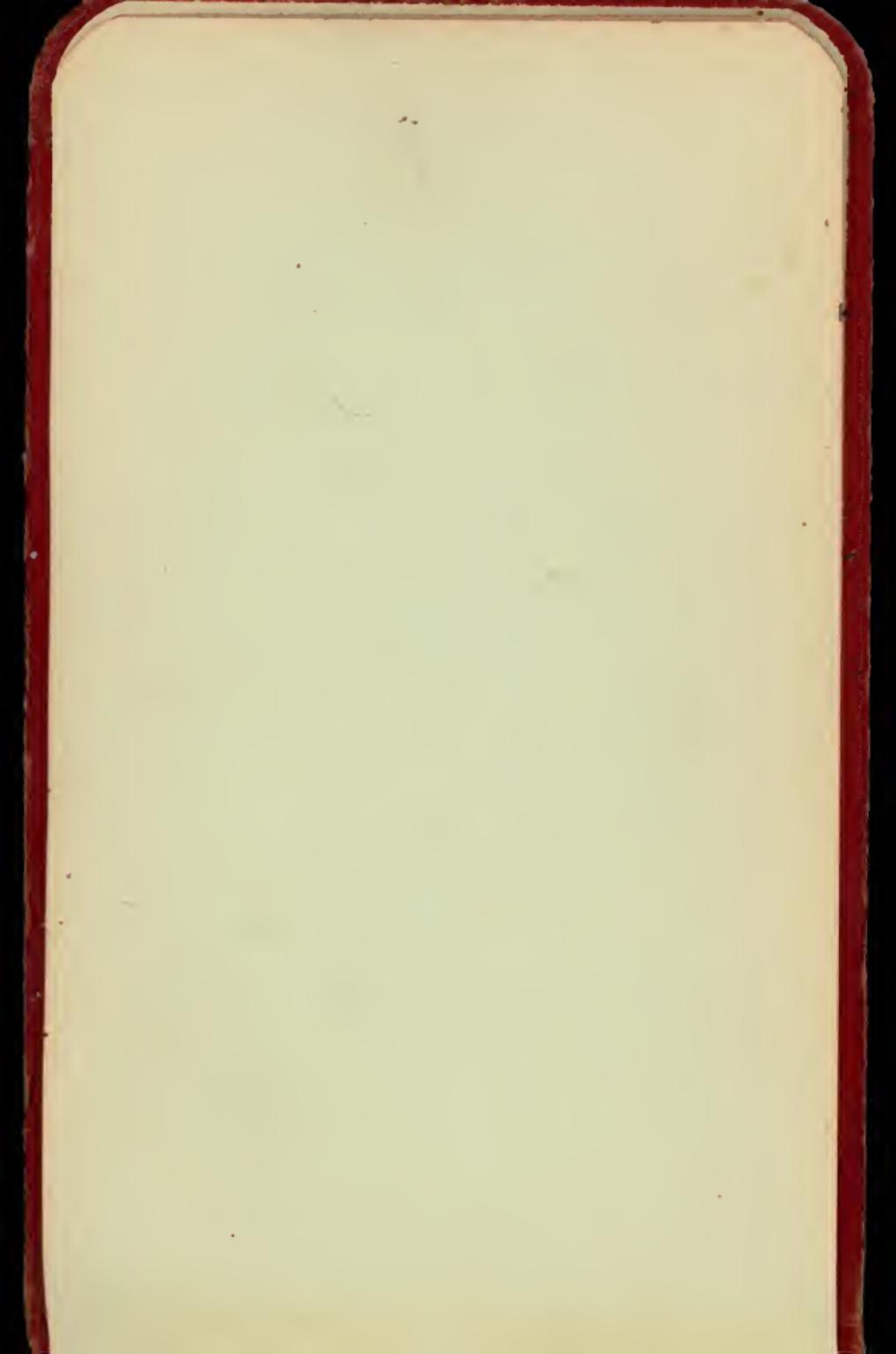


1908-1909-1910



(R)



April 2<sup>nd</sup>. 1908

Started from home in San Diego in the morning accompanied by Messrs Ricksecker and Muisner, driven by Mr. De Frate who we have hired to take us to Dulzura, cool and cloudy all day,

Drove to Dr. Gregg's place about three miles beyond (south east of) Dulzura, got tent set up before dark.

22 April

Rained toward morning; and most of the day, De Frate waited until 9 a.m. when the weather looked better, then started for home. Put out 30 traps.

23rd April

Traps contained one  
Piromys eus. 2 or 3 others sprung  
cold, 54° at 9 A.M., 60° at  
noon. Occasional mist.  
Looks like clearing tonight.

3 May

Mr. Ricksecker and I  
walked over to Cottonwood  
Creek when we met Mr  
Loring by previous  
appointment, and rode  
with him to Barrett Dam.  
They are working on the  
ditch to carry water from  
Cottonwood Creek across  
the divide to the Otay  
Reservoirs. This ditch  
is high on the hillside  
along the lower Cottonwood  
and passes through  
the side of the Barrett  
Dam by a tunnel.

and continues on up  
the creek a mile or two. The  
ditch must be some twelve  
miles long. It is to be  
cemented. We were told  
that the Morino Dam  
was about half built  
and that the Barrett  
Dam would not be  
built until it was  
needed. They have  
not yet found solid  
rock for foundation  
on the east side of the  
creek.

4 May

The teamster who was  
to take us to Campito  
did not come and I  
got Larson to take us.  
We got off at one P.M.  
and camped at Paturo

May 5

Reached Harricks place  
3 miles below Camp<sup>10am</sup>  
and made camp in his  
field, an very comfortably  
fixed,

May 13

Mr. Ricksecker and I  
walked down Camp Creek to the Mexican  
boundary, I got back at  
noon, having shot two  
gray vireos and a ♂  
black-chinned sparrow,  
as well as several common  
birds. Today has been  
warm, but yesterday  
was cold and drizzly  
with high wind. The  
season is late and dry  
and collecting is poor.

May 16

Heavy frost this morning,  
Warm during the day,

May 19

Drove to Dr Griggs place near  
Dulzura,

May 20

Laid over, Skinned a few birds,  
etc,

May 21

Drove past the Sweetwater  
Dam and camped in the  
river bottom below Sunnyside,

May 22

Drove on down the river nearly  
to Sweetwater Junction and  
made camp, Mr. Ricksecker  
went home, Basen took his  
baggage home, Mrs. S. came out.

June 3 1908

Drove home,

June 4

Attended to private business,

Saw my lawyer, etc,

June 16

Drove to near Roseville on  
Point Loma, and camped on one  
lot.

June 29

Got hauled back to San Diego

July 5

Started for the mountains, with  
Mr. DeFrates team, driven by him

July 7

Passed through Julian in the morning and made camp at D. Price's ranch, reaching there a little before noon. Paid DeFrates \$25. for transportation, one third of this was refund by Mr. Rickascker.

Mr. & Mrs. R. are camping with us,  
" " " " went home July 31

Aug 8

Got Mr. Price to move us to the  
North Guyanaca Peak,  $\frac{7}{4}$  mile below  
the present sawmill site, (i.e. at the  
old site when the mill burned)  
Price charged me \$6. for moving  
us. Camped by an empty cabin  
which we can use if we wish.  
Water is good and cold. The wood  
(dry) is pretty well cleaned out  
around camp,

Aug 9

Heavy thunderstorm last  
night, commencing about 1 a.m.  
For a time rain fell heavily  
then ceased off, continuing  
with brief intervals until the  
middle of the forenoon. There  
has been some thunder nearly  
every day for the last fortnight,  
but nothing more than sprinkles  
of rain fall at the camp at Price.

Aug 28

Moved camp to Tally's ranch, camping in the old cabin at the upper end of the fields.

Aug 31

This is a somewhat better ~~camping~~ collecting ground on the whole than up at the saw mill. The brush is not so thick and wide-spread. East wind today.

Sept 20

Started to drive to San Diego in the morning. Got to the Flume.

Sept 21

Got home at 9 a.m.

Sept 25

Attended court in the morning and left for Witch Creek.

at 1-10 P.M. Drove to Rovvino

Sept 26

Reached camp at 4-30 P.M.

Sept 27

Got ready for a trip to  
San Ignacio

Sept 28,

Drove across Warner's Valley  
and camped near eastern edge  
of the gravel, at edge of brush.

Sept 29

Got to San Ignacio at 10 A.M.  
The Indian policeman says no  
white people can camp on the  
reservation, I sent him to  
Hot Springs to telephone the  
agent for permission. He  
returned at sunset and says  
the agent says he has no  
authority to let any one  
camp on the reservation.

Sept 30

Started back 8 A.M. Drove  
back through the San Gredos  
rancheria and Warner's Ranch  
and to Grapewin Spring.

Oct 1

Drove to the Sentinel Hill  
by noon.

Oct 2

Antonio started off at day-  
break to look for Bighorns  
where he killed #1481 two  
weeks ago. He returned at  
noon, having killed a  
ram. We hitched up and  
drove five miles to as near  
as we could conveniently  
get to where the ram lay,  
then walked three miles up  
to him. We packed him  
out of the canon by dusk.

and a mile and a half  
further to the wagon after  
dark, I run into several  
cactuses on the way.

Oct 3

Got back to camp at 103°  
and have skinned and  
prepared the ram. He has  
a fine pair of medium  
sized horns, and is in  
rather thin flesh.

Oct 4

Drove to Grapewine Spring.

Oct 5

Had good success in trapping  
and skinned 14 specimens

Oct 6

As our horse feed is gone and  
we can get none here we  
will go to Witch Creek

Oct 7

Skinned, and did odd jobs.

Oct 20

Went home (San Diego),  
got Morris to take the camp  
outfit down, Kate rode with  
him to Foster and came  
on home on the afternoon  
train, I rode down on my  
bicycle, taking it easy, I  
left the Witch Creek P. O.  
at 7.20 and got home about  
half past 4, nearly an hour  
ahead of Kate,

Nov 4.

Got my camp outfit  
hauled to the mouth of  
the Laramie River, where  
will camp alone a few  
days.

Nov 24

Moved camp back home, This  
marks the seasons work practically

1909

March 7

Spent the first three days of the month in rigging up the wagon and getting ready for the seasons work. On the 4th we got started about the middle of the forenoon. The horses balked in the start but after putting on another horse to help pull out to the road we got away. Camped in Stake Canon. The horses bottomed again in the morning. After noon we waited at Shucklers for Dr. Gugys mail, and the horses did not want to pull. They stopped before we got to the top of the hill and would not start the wagon again. I hired a team to pull us to the summit and we finally got here at 3 P.M. putting out

a few traps that evening.

Yesterday I had two Nectomys intermedius the topotypes that I wanted of this species, but no Pseudomys sinuatus.

The roads are washed badly here and we spent part of yesterday in fixing roads, making new brake blocks, etc. Last night showers of rain fell and this morning is showery. I have sent Max back to San Diego with Jim to trade him for a horse that will pull our load.

Ducks

Jacumba March 18

Max failed to trade off Jim, so I took him back to San Diego the 12th. Next day I bought an old mare, and turned Jim over to Mr. Rickey

for trial. If he suits Ricky will buy him. The 13th, Mrs. S. and I drove back to Dulzura. Next morning we started off, but on the first hill the horses balked, and I got Laram to pull the load to the top of the hill in two instalments. By careful work I had no more trouble with the horses and got to Haricks that night. The 15th. we passed Campo, intending to stop at Rubys at night, but Ruby was out of hay so we came on here, 27 miles, a good days drive considering load and road. Yesterday was fine, but today is blustery. We had a good catch this morning.

March. 28

Stayed at Jacumba until the 23rd, rain on the 22nd preventing us leaving that day as we had intended. The roads to Mountain Spring were muddy and slippery, and the grade down the mountain was very rough, but we had no special difficulty. The wind was so strong at Mountain Spring that we did not set up the tent there. Had good catches at Mountain Spring, left there at noon of the 25th. I would have liked a stop at Means' "lowest water", in Devil Canon, but the road was so sandy and bad that I feared the horses would not start the load "on a cold collar", and there was no feed for the horses, so I pulled on, reaching Coyote Well about 5 P.M. Next morning we unloaded the wagon and drove east 2 miles and cut a load of galleta. The horses

would not eat it at first but are now using it, but not with a relish. The wind blows strongly most of the time, and makes the tent very noisy. So far trapping is not very successful.

April 4.

Coyote Hill turned out poorly, no Promyscus there and we got but one Pezognathus in a weeks trapping. May and I camped one night out at the foot of Coyote Mountain, and put in half a day looking for bighorns. We saw some old tracks, but nothing less than a month old. We drove to New River April 2nd, and are camped at the bridge three miles northwest of Silsbee. Prospects are not very good here, but we will try it a few days. May rode the wheel to Imperial and El Centro yesterday and got the mail, no checks.

Thur. 97° at noon yesterday, and  
63° at sunrise this morning. The wind  
was in the afternoon yesterday and blew  
hard all night and is still high this  
morning. I got sick toward noon  
with retching and vomiting several times  
during the day. Felt quite ill

April 10

Was poorly the 5th, but got to  
feeling pretty well later, tho I was  
worse again this forenoon, which  
I laid to a cup of coffee for  
breakfast, the first coffee for some  
time. Some days have been quite  
windy, dust storm 8th, but about  
half the time is fine. Thur 47° at  
sunrise and 93° at 3 P.M. today.

Not very satisfactory collecting here.  
The best find was a Helminthosilis  
luciae, ♂ taken the 8th

April 20

We left the New River camp near Silsbee April 12th, and drove to El Centro, Imperial and Brewster that day, camping two miles west of Brewster, and west of New River, next day I got the horses shod at Brewster and the 14th we moved on about nine miles, camping half a mile south of New River a mile or two above where it empties into Salton Lake, Stayed there until the 17th, when we moved 4 or 5 miles west and camped in a small mesquit grove near Salton Lake, We have had several dust storms, one yesterday being the worst yet, but the wind went down in the night so it is comfortable this morning, The 18th Max & I raided heron nests in the dead mesquit in the edge of the lake

April 25

On 20th May went to Brawley for mail and supplies, getting back at 4 P.M.  
Yesterday we drove to Lone Spring in the forenoon, when we are camped now.  
We kept near the lake shore much of the way, striking the old road from Salt Creek about a mile from here, it is covered by the lake for many miles.

April 26

Horses balked in starting and we got Mc Cain to pull us up on to the ridge with his burro and mule, then our horses went off on a run, We made quick time to Smallwoods at the old Harper Hall on Fish Creek.

May 23

We stayed at Salt Creek (Fish Creek) until April 29, when we pulled back to our old camp near Salton Lake, left then May 3. Horses balked twice that day, had to hire a team to help us out. Drove to near Brawley. On the 4th. we drove through Imperial and camped six miles west of Imp., near New River. Stayed there until the 11th, when we drove to Sibley. That afternoon I walked to Hill Stockton but found they had gone to San Diego. The 13th Max & I went to El Centro, when I hired two gray horses for six days, paying \$20. That evening we got stuck coming up the hill from the river at Storms Crossing, but got out. The 15th were off at 5 a.m. Breakfasted at the bridge over the West Side Canal, and drove to Carrizo Creek that day making 30 miles; the last 3 independently.

Stayed at Carrizo Creek until noon  
of the 17th, having had good catches,  
Drove to Palmetto Spring that afternoon  
finding the sand deep and soft,  
Drove to Vallecito the forenoon of the  
18th, and took such of our load as we  
did not need for a few days up to  
Mazone, The road has been traveled  
a good deal lately and is the softest  
I ever saw it. We could hardly have  
got through with our two horses alone  
even if they had been true to gull,  
The Mason Hill is very steep yet, tho'  
much improved and in good order,  
The wind has been strong nearly all  
the time for a week or more, and  
the clouds look as if rain had been  
falling on the west slope,

June 13

Stayed at Valleito until May 30  
then moved up to La Sierra (Mason)  
where we remained until June 8th, in  
the mean time Max and I made a  
trip to the summit of Laguna Mtn,  
packing with the horses. The  
weather got very hot a few days,  
 $105^{\circ}$  to  $108^{\circ}$ . June 8 we moved  
camp to San Felipe Valley, staying  
there until the afternoon of the  
10th. At noon we hitched up  
and got about 100 yards, when  
the horses balked. Max and I  
wheeled the wagon out of the mud  
hole by 3 P.M. and I went up to  
Mr. Shaws and got him to come  
with their team and help us.  
We reached Mr. Shaw's place in  
Warren Pass about midnight,  
the horses taking the load at a

~~hot~~

most of the way in the endeavor  
to keep up with Shaws team in  
a light spring wagon. Made  
over ten miles in not much over  
two hours, up hill at that.  
Here it is nice and cool,  
with a very pleasant camp  
ground.

June 24

Still at Shaw's ranch, but we are  
getting ready to move on tomorrow.  
Have had some cold weather, too cold  
for comfort, but the weather has  
turned warm again,  $99^{\circ}$  yesterday  
and  $92^{\circ}$  today. This is a windy  
place.

June 29

Drove to Witch Creek on 25th,  
The horses balked on Shaws place  
and we got him to put his team  
on ahead to the summit of the  
Pass, about three miles, at the  
Warren ranch house Fanny  
refused to pull up the hill  
and Mr. Taylor put on a horse  
and helped us to the top, On  
26th we drove to the head of  
the Mussy grade and have  
been camping here since, Have  
had fair success here. ~~Will~~  
Intend going home tomorrow  
if the horses are willing,

Very little wind here, which  
is a relief after the blows we  
had at the last camp, Miss  
Woolsey owns this place now.

June 30 1906  
Drove home. Had no trouble  
on the way and got home  
early.

Faby 12 1910

Left home for a three months collecting trip along the Colorado River for the U. S. Museum of Vertebrate Zoology. Arrived at Riverside 1-30 P.M., where Mr Wilder met me, and drove me to his place. Staid there over night.

13<sup>th</sup>

Mr Wilder drove me to Ralphs in the morning. In afternoon went to Marks, and evening to Mr Wrights in San Bernardino, left S. B. on train at 10-40.

14<sup>th</sup>

Arrived in Needles 8-15 A.M., where Mr. Barnes met me. We went down to the river and selected a camp ground, in afternoon I got freight to

camp and got things in shape. Mr. Ginnell and Mr. Dixon came in on one of the evening trains.

15th,

Holly Jones came on the morning train, completing the party. Bought lumber for a flat boat and got it commended. Windy, dusty and cold, yesterday was nice and warm

19th

The north wind blew 16th and 17th, yesterday was a nice day, and today as well. We started from Nudles about 10PM yesterday, loaded and made camp on the California side after two hours run, about six miles

by the river, Got aground on sand bars twice, and probably we will have plenty of that kind of trouble ahead. The river is low. Will hunt here a few days. I had out 50 traps last night and caught ~~the~~ two mice and one pocket rat. Holley found a good place and made a good catch. Dixon did worse than I.

22 Feb'y

Caught a coyote this morning. Trapping is rather poor. Dixon has caught 1 bobcat and 1 coyote here. Jones nothing large. Good weather. Jones went to Nellis for mail today, got nothing. P.O. closed - holiday. Hunted the same yesterday but caught nothing. Intend going on tomorrow.

February 27 1910

Topock (Mullen) Arizona

Came here 23rd. Have a pleasant camp near the RR pump. This proves a good collecting place. Hunted the seine in the back-water slough at camp yesterday. Had a good catch, four species of fish, two males besides putting 15 or 20 in alcohol. Have had a dust storm, but today is nice.

March 2 1910

3 miles below Topock, on the California side.

Came down here yesterday. Are camped in a corner of perhaps 100 acres. This is surrounded by red sandstone and gray granite hills on this side of the river across on the Arizona side.

big sad sandstone hills border the river. These are very rough, often pointed, constituting the "Needles". We passed them a narrow short canon, where steep cliffs bordered both sides of the river, and the current was swift, but there were neither rocks or bars in the stream, so with any care it was safe passing. The current in places shot in toward the rocks strongly and G. and D. let the flat boat get almost too close, so they missed hitting the cliff by only a few feet. Holly and I were in the skiff and at no time came within 20 feet of the cliffs, though we let the current take us when it was strongest.

This is interesting collecting.  
The river proves to be a sharp  
dividing line for several sp.  
of mammals. 5 miles below  
Neville (10 miles above here) we  
found Perognathus formosus on  
this side, also Citellus leucurus.  
Here both species occurs also,  
and Perognathus spinatus as  
well. At Topack we got a  
series of about all the mam-  
mals, but neither of these  
were found. Instead we got  
Perognathus intermedius and  
Citellus burri, very distinct  
species, and we cannot find  
either on the California side.  
Some other species that we  
find on both sides seem  
to differ a little and on  
close comparison may

turn out subspecifically different on the opposite sides of the river,

March 6

3 miles below Zofack

Still here, I have been trudging across the river, and find the same species that we took at Zofack. The peculiar species still do not show up on the opposite side of the river.

Weather warm but fine, the river is steadily rising, having come up a foot since we came here. I suppose it is the effect of thaws on the upper river as we have seen no signs of rain in any direction.

March 8

Chimchueis Valley, Cal.  
River has been rising inter-  
mittently. Once yesterday it fell  
two inches in a quarter of an  
hour. Before long it was higher  
than before the fall. This morning  
we loaded up and got started  
at 8-30. Soon the canon got  
narrow and the current shot  
across from side to side so  
that we would be close to the  
rocks on one side now and in  
a few minutes we would nearly  
graze the other side. We had  
little difficulty in avoiding  
the rocks, but the numerous  
whirlpools were harder to avoid.  
The scow got in one and turned  
around two or three times before  
G. and D. could get clear,

Hollis and I struck a  
couple with the skiff but it  
meant only a few minutes  
pulling at the oars to get  
clear. The scenery was fine, —  
huge naked cliffs, often nearly  
brick color, the chocolate river  
hurrying along them its crooked  
course and a spice of excite-  
ment in keeping clear of the  
rocky points and whirlpools.  
Usually below each point was  
a whirlpool, usually small  
and insignificant, but a  
few were a hundred feet  
or more across. In places  
the swift current made waves  
that caused the boats to dance.  
The average rate time the  
canon must have been six  
miles an hour, and the  
canon was five or six miles  
long.

We passed the small Blankenship Valley, then a short crooked canon between cliffs of cemented gravel, then came out in the Chimehuvis Valley. We ran 4  $\frac{1}{4}$  hours and estimate that we came 20 miles. We rowed only when necessary to avoid a point or whirlpool. Most of the time we sat idly watching the shores slip rapidly past. We saw two empty shacks and two inhabited ones, one on each side. One small flock of ducks passed up the river. We are camped where the bluffs begin below the valley on the California side, but the valley continues down a mile or two further on the Arizona side. We cannot see into the next canon because of the banks of

the river, Watten fire,

March 9 1910

Clear and quiet in the morning, with a clear "east wind" quality in the air. Before noon a strong northwest wind began stirring up a dust. Fortunately the camp is behind a belt of willow timber that breaks the wind and no dust comes into camp. Cooler today, 55° at sunrise.

March 11

Started at 8:30 but after an hour we all got into a whirlpool and saw we were in a hard place to get out of. We landed without much trouble, but while cutting trail a big surge caught

the flat boat and cut it up on the shore at one side, then when the surge receded the other side dropped with the water and the return wave filled the boat and swamped it. We saved all the goods by lively work, but many things got wet, including all the skins in my collecting chest, which happened to be on the floor of the boat. We spread the wet plunder on the sand and have it out yet tonight drying. We will have to tow the boats up river half a mile and try to row to the other side of the river to avoid the strong cross current that sucks into the whirlpool, just below on the opposite side of

the river is a reflex whirlpool  
but it is wide and slow and  
will not be hard to get out  
of if we get in it. The  
river makes a very sharp  
bend here, with deep water  
under the gravel cliffs and  
then are thin sharp points of  
cliffs sticking into the river,  
and behind each is a whirlpool,  
the middle one being the bad  
one. It did not look at all  
bad as we approached and  
we did not try to avoid it,  
not knowing of the cross  
current leading into it.

March 13

Yesterday forenoon we towed the boats up river half a mile or more, and wound out for the other side, clearing the bad whirlpool nicely, but getting into the slow one. This was no better at all. After an hour run we found a piece of bad water ahead and tied up and investigated it. We concluded to tow back a mile and try crossing the river. It was smooth when we got high enough and so camped. Today we have been drying the specimens that got wet and will stay here tomorrow. Next day we intend crossing to the other side. Yesterday Hollis and

I got into swift water just above where we are now camped and it looked ticklish for a few minutes. The swells were at least two feet high and less than a boat's length apart. We got into them before we realized it. Probably they were just forming as we approached. In many of these swift waters the swells periodically die away, these gradually increase as smooth swells, finally getting large and the tops break, then after a little they subside. These waves are difficult rowing in as they come so fast in the swift current, at least 7 or 8 miles an hour in these places. The waves remain in the same place but the boat's motion

in the swift water makes  
them appear to be coming up  
stream. I was stirring and  
Hollis rowed as soon as we  
saw what was up. When we  
got nearly where the waves were  
largest one of Hollis' oars  
missed the water and the  
skiff turned broadside to  
the waves and we rode a  
dozen that way. I feared a  
capsize but Hollis got the  
skiff turned downstream. Then  
we slipped a little water as  
the bow cut thru the tops of the  
waves. We took them a little  
quartering and worked our way  
to the edge of the strong current  
and out. We were too buoy to  
notice how long we were in the  
swell waves, but we run them  
down at least 200 yards. I don't

care for any more such work. This swift strip stops about of camp and another commences half a mile down starting in mid river and gradually approaching this shore, in a mile it meets a bend and piles up against a rocky cliff. We could ~~not~~ ~~not~~ let the empty boats down with ropes thru this rough water but the cliff is a hard one to pack our load over and we preferred towing back. There is a trail over the cliff as if many people ~~had~~ portaged around this place. The river is steadily rising and is probably 3 or 4 feet higher than when we left Nudlo.

March 16

The river has been slowly falling for two days. Yesterday we started at 8-30 and passed the mouth of the Bill Williams River about 11 a m and got to Parker at 2-30. We saw quite a number of giant cactuses on the California side of the river below the mouth of the Bill Williams. There was bottom land on either side or the other until we came to the Bill Williams R. Then we had 2 or 3 miles of emon. The easternmost point of California is a mile or two below the B.W.R. Parker is a mere scattering town. Not much business yet, tho there are a few settlers along the river above the

reservoir, I was told  
that the railroad toward  
Bogdad was built about  
40 miles. Construction is in  
progress.

We left ~~Parker~~ Parker about  
the usual time, 8-80. Found  
several rapid places. Met  
the Lola going up to Parker.  
She went down three days ago,  
and usually makes a trip  
a week down to the "Blythe"  
property. We camped at  
the foot of the Riverside Mts.  
(in Cal.) at a pumping station  
for a swim about two miles  
back. Grinnell found beaver  
signs and I set a trap there  
but I suspect that it has  
been caught some weeks ago.  
The mesquit are getting in leaf  
now, and the larva are in bloom.

March 20 1970

The beaver trap was not disturbed. Yesterday afternoon Hallis and I put our blankets collecting dust, traps and a little grub in the skiff and started down the river ahead of the others to look for beaver. Half a mile below where I had my trap I found fresh signs and set a trap. A few yards below is a beaver "house". I had been told that the beaver did not build houses on the lower Colorado. We made camp  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile below the beaver house and will stay a day or two longer. Trap was not disturbed this morning. Shot a great blue heron.

March 23

We all came on down the river yesterday. Hollis and I hiked the California shore watching for beaver signs. All we saw was old sign in one place, cuttings a year or more old. We had considerable wind and G. & J. camped about 2 P. M. as it was difficult to keep from being blown ashore. Hollis and I ran on home longer and camped a mile above the spread gate of the Blythe canal. Days run about 24 miles, set out mouse traps in the hills. — This morning I had six mice of four species, Hollis had none. After skinning mice we came on about 13 miles and camped 1½ miles above Ehrenberg.

Saw no. beaver sign, quiet day and no bad water, J. & G. did not come on, they will probably be along tomorrow noon.

March 28

Hollis and I came on down to the <sup>20th</sup> Chremberg and made camp a little below town. Grinnell and Dixon got in about 10 P.M. We have found good trapping having found one Rutrodontomys and 10 Prairieatus borealis a species none of the party had seen before. Hollis and I started on today at 2 P.M. The others will follow day after tomorrow, saw beaver sign, old, in two places on the Arizona side and fresh in two places on the Cal. side, but no good place to trap. Wind storm and light

shower yesterday. Cold today.  
March 29 13 miles

Started at 7:15, saw old  
beaver cuttings in several  
places, but nothing fresh, about  
10 a.m. we found a colony of  
great blue herons repairing their  
nests in a group of cottonwood  
trees among the willows near  
the bank, I shot four from  
the boat, stopped at noon on  
the Arizona shore and skinned  
the herons in the afternoon,  
Windy afternoon, 12 miles.

March 30

Went on in the morning. We  
saw a slough that seemed  
promising but gave it up.  
Later we made camp at another  
backwater slough on the Cal.  
side, and set two traps for beaver.

April 3.

Hollis and I staid at the slough until this morning. We caught three cotton rats between us and Hollis caught three muskrats at a burrow he found by his foot breaking through into it as he passed, I caught no beavers. This morning we opened a beaver house we found near the mouth of the slough. The roof was about eight inches thick; of young willows cut when in full leaf. The house looked like a large flat haystack made of coarser stuff, inside was a space  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet high and 4 to 5 feet across, room enough for several beavers to lie. The house apparently had not

been occupied for several days. We found the main camp about 10 o'clock, a mile or so above where Kate and I camped several years ago, opposite Libolo. The river has cut away a big strip on the California side since then.

April 6

Yesterday afternoon Hollis and I came on down the river five miles, calling at the Libolo P. O. on the way. Found that Mr. Bishop was postmaster. The sum to be prospering, but the settlement has not grown in the eight years since we were here. The land having been withdrawn from entry being the cause. We camped on the California side, and this

morning at 9-30 the others come along and we all came on to a little below the end of the "Leibola Valley" and camped. running about ten miles, River quiet and falling. Cloudy most of the day, yesterday also,

April 8 1910

Thunder storm this afternoon, Lightning and loud thunder, Only a slight sprinkle here, and apparently but little rain anywhere. Got a chance to send in letters to Leibola by a passing cow puncher,

April 10

Moved on about 6 miles and camped on the California

side just below Lighthouser Rock. The hills come down to the river on one side or the other alternating with small areas of bottom land, just back from the river the low mountain are very rough with serrated summits.

April 18

Yesterday we moved on down to the lower end of Charley Valley, about 8 miles below Picacho, and camped in a grove of good sized willows. Most of the willows we have camped in have been small 2 or 3 inches across at the stump, as the river often does not give them time to get larger before washing them out. These are 6 to 8 inches

At our Lighthouse Rock camp we all hunted bighorns in the low rough mountains 3 to 6 miles west of the river, Dixon killed a yearling ram and Knudell got a fine old ewe, I was out but half a day and saw none.

April 21

Moved on, Camped 4 or 5 miles above the Bagdad Dam on the Arizona side. The backwater from the dam raises the river enough that the flat we are camped on now is but 2 or 3 feet above the water. The wind was strong today, but from up-river so we made fast time come about 11 miles. Then we quit

a number of cactuses (giant)  
back from the river a little,  
but now are very large,

April 27

Came down to Potholes  
yesterday, some 5 or 6 miles.  
The Reclamation Service people  
lifted our boats bodily, with  
loads in, over the waste gates  
with a big steam crane.  
We had worried a little over  
the job of getting past the  
dam, but it was no job at all.  
I think we could have run  
the dam safely by unloading.  
The dam, canal head gates,  
waste gates, etc., are a big and  
fine piece of work. The dam  
raises the water about twelve  
feet. The apron slopes about one  
in 8 or 10. The length of the

(4800 feet)

spillway must be  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile; A long series of gates let water into the irrigating canal on this side that looks to be about 75 feet wide. Then is a head gate and canal on the Arizona side also. A mile and a quarter or so below the head gate a distributing canal is taken out. This is 30 feet wide and probably supplies the district between here and Yuma. The main canal is not now carried beyond this distributing canal. It may be intended to ultimately carry it to Imperial.

Yesterday as we landed when Dixon and Kinnell had proceeded us I saw two men

apparently talking with Dixon, I merely glanced at them and went on tying up the skiff. One of them spoke and said "How are you, Uncle Frank". It was Lemuel, I know that he and his partner were to come to the river some time in the late winter or spring but supposed they would come out at or above Picacho. It seems they had just come up from Yuma, leaving there yesterday morning. They drove back to Yuma this forenoon and it was by the merest chance that we met at the dam. Lemuel has grown to be a tall, strong man, as tall as I. His partner, Mr. Lehman, seems a decent fellow.

April 30

Hollis and I left Potholes at 1-30 P. M. yesterday, and came 8 or 9 miles down the river, and camped on the California side. We found the river somewhat slow to what it has been above, I found a patch of coarse grass or Juncus of several acres and put <sup>50</sup> traps in it last night. This morning I had two harvest mice and three cotton rats. We have been wanting both species, particularly the cotton rats, so the nights catch was very satisfactory. The willows and water-mallows are so thick here that we can't get about at all without cutting trails. Between the camp and the grass patch is a little

backwater slough, just too shallow to get the boat over, and soft mud to wade thru, so it is about knee deep, but I go across twice a day. Ginnell and Dixon were to move camp also yesterday afternoon, but they intended stopping in the first large timber, which would be about four miles above here. They may stay there a week.

May 2

Had one Sigmundore yesterday and one this morning, and then Rutherfordtonys. The river is rising. The day has been quite cool, 47° at daylight. Ginnell and Dixon passed on the other side of the river just before dark, camped a mile below

May 9  
Pilot Knob Cal.

On the 3rd, Hollis and I  
swam on down to the mouth of  
the Gila River and rowed up  
it half a mile and camped  
staying there two nights then  
dropped back to just above the  
mouth of the river, stayed  
there two more nights, The  
Gila rose 15 inches when we  
swam on it. This was all  
backwater from the Colorado.  
May 7th we pulled on at noon  
reaching Yuma at 1-30, Got  
our mail and some provisions  
then came on down here, when  
Grimell and Dixon had been  
camped a day or two, Our  
camp is half a mile above  
the intake of the Imperial

canal. Yesterday I walked down to the head gates, which are a quarter of a mile down the canal. At the foot of Pilot Knob. The head gates are a substantial looking structure; tho they look to me rather low, — as if the water might run over them at extra high floods, a branch of the railroad uses the head gates as a bridge, so the (reinforced?) concrete structure must be strong.

The Imperial branch of the R.R. passes around east of the Pilot Knob, then northeast up a wash to the main line. This part has a heavy grade and the R.R. people are now building a new grade to make a more direct line.

with an easier grade, at present a hot-tail train runs to Calixico one day and back the next.

Hollis and I looked for beaver signs on the Cal. side as we came down. Saw a little but not enough to justify setting traps. Today I kept camp and the others worked up along the Arizona side and found good signs and put in some traps. As we were looking along the cane coming down Hollis and I saw a muskrat swimming at the edge of the cane, but it dove \$ before I could get ready to shoot.

May 15

This morning Dixon had a four foot fur seal in his traps. That is as much fur seal as the Expedition has obtained. However we got about all other mammals found in this region, two I think are all we haven't found one way or another. We are packed and ready to start for home. I have been lame for several days with a sore heel and for two or three days have been much otherwise, but am feeling better now. Will be glad to get home.

Reached Colton 4 AM 16th.  
Went to San Bernardino and

visited the Wright 2 or 3 hours  
then went to Riverside and  
to Ralphs at noon, to Marks  
at 5 P.M. stayed there all night  
and left Riverside at 8-15 A.M.  
got home 1 P.M. May 17th.

Aug 7 1910

Left San Diego on the  
Santa Rosa at 10 P.M. last  
night for a collecting trip  
to the Humboldt Bay region  
for the University of California  
Museum of Vertebrate Zoology.  
Arr. now, 7 A.M., at San Pedro.

Foggy. The steamer is swinging  
around to her berth in landing  
stirred the mud from the  
bottom, showing that she is as  
deep draft as can safely tie  
up here.

P.M. Hunted fossil shells in the  
cliff at San Pedro about the station  
landing while the Santa Rosa laid  
there, got to Redondo at 12-30  
and went on at 1-30. Sea is smooth  
today. Scarcely a white cap.

Got into Santa Barbara at  
7 P.M., leaving at 8. Chilly  
this afternoon. Smooth light swell.

Aug 8

Got into San Francisco at 3-30 P.M.  
and to Berkeley at 5. Museum  
was closed when I got there.  
Took a room at the Alder.  
Cold at sea today. Considerable  
swell and I ate no breakfast.  
Had lunch in my stateroom.

Aug 9.

Spent most of the day in the  
Museum, getting things together for  
the trip and looking over the  
collections. Called Mr. Winchans  
over by phone and gave him  
a contract to make six

Zinc storage cases for the S. D.  
Nat. Hist. Society, to be delivered  
by Oct 1st,

Aug 11

Left San Francisco at 3 P.M.  
yesterday, sea was fairly smooth  
in the afternoon, but got rough  
in the night and I got sick,  
The State of California, which we  
were on, ran aground just inside  
the bar, but soon got off. We  
reached the wharf about 9 A.M.  
Dixon and Gray met me at  
the wharf. Saw John Gray  
at his home at noon,

Aug 13

Had a fairly good catch yesterday  
morning, considering the number of  
traps I had out. This morning I did  
not do as well. Had 3 in 35 traps

Now, noon, the sun has come out.  
Yesterday afternoon was clear, Thur. 5.20  
this morning, now 6.40. It is foggy  
all night and forenoons.

Aug 14.

Sky cleared before noon and  
is still clear, (dusk). Some  
wind this afternoon,

Aug 18

Moved camp about 15 miles  
to foot of "Lagna Butte" a mile  
east of Fair Oaks P. O. at edge of  
Knieland Prairie. From Fresh-  
water Creek the road was a long  
grade, in pretty good condition,  
to the top of the ridge southwest  
of Mad River. - Then along the  
ridge to camp. This is about

2000 alt. and is a very hilly country, similar to southwest end of Balcon Mt. It is all ridges and gulches. It is a very different climate, warm and dry. The land is pastured off pretty closely. There are groves, some large, of mixed timber near. Very little ~~wet~~ wet land, almost none in fact and springs are not plenty so trapping is not promising. There are plenty of gopher signs, but it is difficult to till the fresh work, the ground is so dry. We would have done better to have stopped two or three miles back.

The butte near camp is known as the McDonald Butte

Aug 22

Dixon went over to the Post office at noon to get our mail. The stage had passed about an hour before and the postmistress had sent our mail on to the next office "because she did not know any such persons here". We hope it will be sent back tomorrow. We want to move camp back 6 or 8 miles as soon as we can find a team to take us. We have done very well so far, but there is not much variety here and we have about all we care for of these things. Dixon shot two deer the 20th. They rolled down the steep mountain side.

and we skinned them when  
they lay rather than try to  
pack them out. We brought  
out the hides and about 50  
pounds of the meat. The  
buck was so badly broken  
up by the fall down the  
mountain side that there  
was very little good meat  
left. Gray squirrels are plenty  
here. — ground squirrels, gophers  
and white footed mice <sup>common</sup>  
ditto. Not much else and  
not many birds. Weather nice,  
clear and warm enough. 50° to 65.

Aug 23

Dixon was at the P.O.  
today as the stage passed  
on the return trip. Our  
mail was not sent back.  
Hope we will get it ~~soon~~ <sup>tomorrow</sup>

Aug 23

Moved camp back toward Eureka,  
to Frost's place above the Bay sawmill,  
in the upper edge of the redwood belt,  
Alt. about 1500.

Aug 26.

The weather has been quite warm  
for several days until today, which  
is overcast and cold. Our mail  
finally overtook us tonight. 4 letters  
for me. Have found the trapping  
good here.

Aug 31

Got Frost to haul us to Eureka  
in the forenoon and in the afternoon  
a launch took us across to the  
north end of the Bay to the draw-  
bridge near "Manila", a play

west of Arcata,

Sept 6

yesterday afternoon the launch brought us back to Eureka and this morning an expressman brought us to Eel River two miles north of Ferndale. The region here and all the way back to Eureka is not very promising from our point of view, being thickly settled and mostly pasture land. This is a dairy region, and does not appear to ever have been timbered for some miles back of the coast. Yesterday and today have been clear most of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder of Riverside have been camping with us since the first of the month and come here with us.

Sept 10 1910

Dixon took the stage at Ferndale this morning to go to Cape Town, to look for topotypes of Micromys c. angustirostris, & he intends coming back the 12th. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder left for Carlsotta this afternoon, Walked over to Ferndale ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles) for the mail tonight.

Sept 22

Dixon came back from Cape Mendocino this afternoon of the 12th, with 30 topotypes of M.c. angustirostris having found them very abundant. On the 15th we moved camp to Eddleback, a mile above Carlsotta. On the morning of the 17th, Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, and J. P. Godfrey, the Archivist of the U.S.A.,

we are staying started for a deer  
hunt about the head of Van Dusen  
River, 40 miles from here by road,  
eastward. We look for them back  
tomorrow. Wilder killed a small  
buck the 15th near here. I have  
been having good luck in adding to  
our list of mammals here. I have  
been nearly sick for several days  
but am nearly well again.

Sept 28

Dixon and Mr. & Mrs. Wilder left  
for San Francisco the morning of  
the 25th. I shall stay on here  
a few days longer to try to get  
Aptodontia. Put out 10 traps in a  
colony on the high ridge two miles  
from here the 26th, yesterday I  
added six more. Two sprung this  
morning. besides catching a shrike.  
Poor guy for so hard a climb.  
Weather fair.

Oct 5

Caught one Aplodontia and took up my traps after five nights trapping. A light rain fell the 3d and a slight shower two nights previously. Yesterday I packed up and shipped everything not absolutely necessary; the tent, camp outfit and two boxes came to Berkeley and my bedding and a box to San Diego. The two collecting chests and my suit case held what I kept. Came by rail from Eureka to Arcata today. This afternoon I put out 50 traps in the redwoods east of Arcata, (in the "Arcata Redwood Park" I think.) The afternoon was warm. On stopping at the Union Hotel, a second rate house, but the only hotel in town, it was at breakfast 20 days, the longest stop at any station here.

Oct 10

Had poor success at Arcata,  
got no Phmacomys. Came by  
rail this afternoon to Trinidad,  
got here in time to put out some  
mouse traps. This does not appear  
to be a good mammal locality.  
It is all logged off for miles  
around. The little village is  
built on a bluff at the sea  
side and the "Sea Spray Hotel",  
where I am staying, overlooks  
the sea. My window looks south-  
~~west~~ and I can see the surf  
line for miles southerly. There  
are several little rocky islets  
in the foreground. Trinidad  
Head is almost an island too.

Oct 17

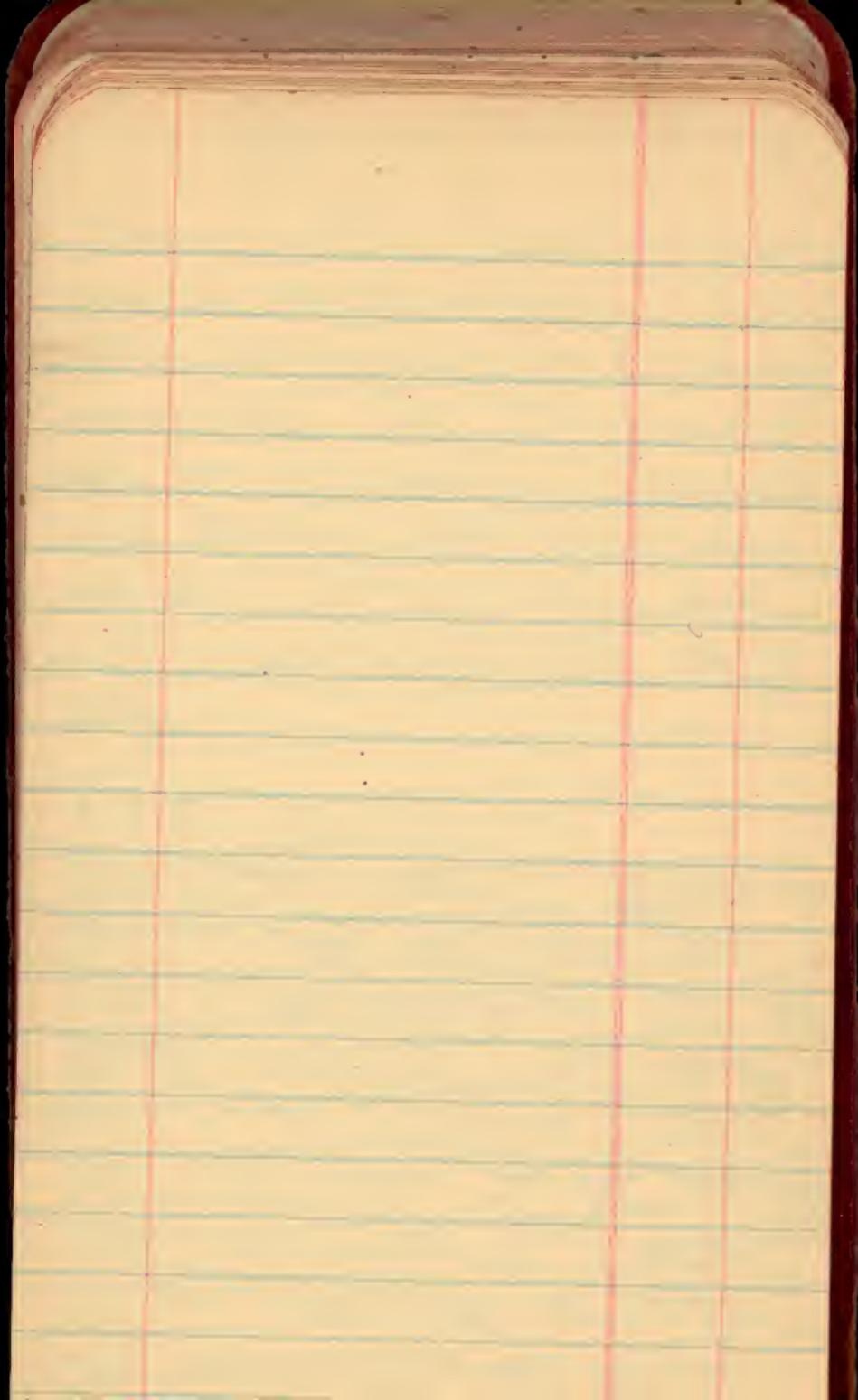
Trinidad, Cal.

Have everything packed and am to go to Eureka tomorrow. I intend taking the steamer for S. F. next day. Have had rather poor luck here, no Phaeocomas and no Aptelodontia. Am bothered with boils, have two now, not very large, but one is the largest I ever had. Misty today.

Oct 23

Got home yesterday. Left Eureka on the "State of California" at 11:30 a.m. Oct 19, got to S. F. 6 a.m. 20th. ~~Had~~ Went to Berkeley and found Mr. Grinnell was away, so went back to San Francisco and bought a ticket for home and checked my baggage. Went to the Forester's office and found out what they had done

about making the land examin-  
ation. Went back to the Museum  
and found Grinnell in and  
settled up with him. Weather  
nice and warm. In the evening  
Dixon and I called on Fred  
Koch. Morning of the 21st  
called on the Brandeis', and at  
11 a m took the train for  
Los Angeles, where we arrived at  
8 a m.



*The following 40  
pages are blank.*

L 1390-T 122-# 400-Ear 130-  
around neck behind ear 400  
+ " in front of shoulder 560  
" body behind fore leg 950  
Flight at wrists 950  
" " tip 940  
Hip joint to Shoulder joint 665-

Part. Purdey

Feby 21 1 Camp, 10 M. snap

2. Boats " "

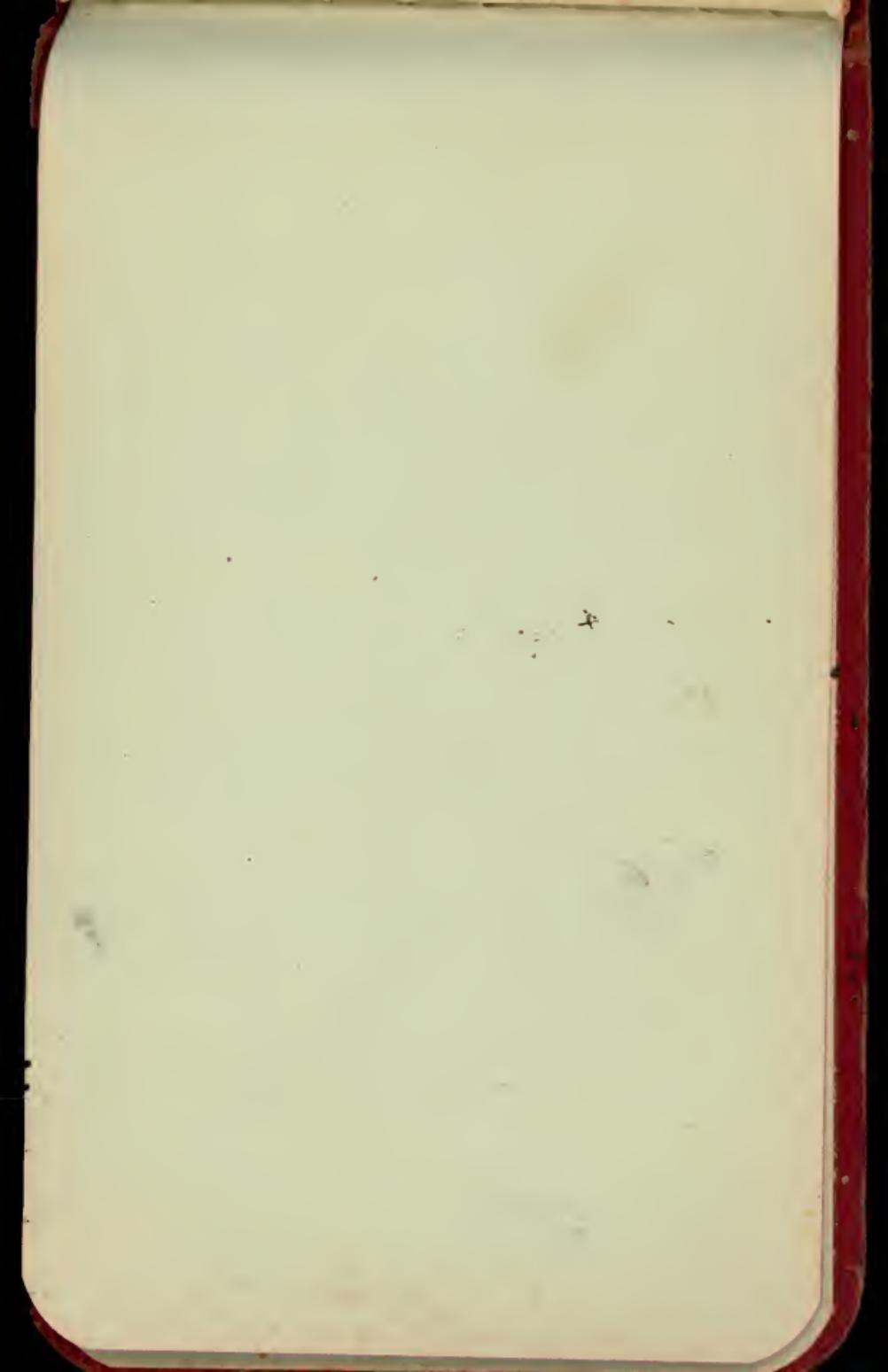
3. River " "

22 4 Coyote 7 a. m. in shade  
large slope 1 ee,

5 Ditto . . .

6 View from bluffs 7-30  
Hazy, small slope 1 ee

Last number (wagon) 2950 (?)  
5 mos. this morning (5th)



Humboldt Times 546  
(C J Blay) 54956

Large map of Cal  
Dept of the Interior  
1907

Dept Labor & Commerce  
The Golden Trout of the  
Southern High Sierras  
By Barton W Evermann

Popular Science Monthly  
Aug 1910  
The Buttons and ears of a  
Research Museum Cimarron



